



THE New Republic

With Nixon
On Tour
—T.R.B.

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Formosa and the Western Alliance

by DENIS HEALEY

Through China's Eyes *John K. Fairbank*
New Faces in Politics *Third in a Series*
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The Organization Man vs The Hipster

by ROBERT E. FITCH

OCTOBER 13, 1958

25 cents



Washington Wire

Nixon—Front and Center

WHAT YOU ARE SEEING NOW is a transfer of Republican Party leadership from Eisenhower to Nixon. True, Eisenhower will campaign extensively, earnestly delivering his ghosted speeches on peace, prosperity and free enterprise. They will attract attention, do the GOP some good. Everybody likes Ike—will continue to. But nearly everybody now knows his leadership is flabby.

Eisenhower told the press last week that he was surprised at reports of "apathy" and "complacency" among Republicans. The White House has not always been disturbed by apathy and complacency, but the President set about curing it in this instance. What could have caused it? Well, the President's intimates probably won't tell him. There is this business of part-time incumbency, being above the battle and all that.

Added to this now is a purely mechanical handicap. Eisenhower is maimed by the GOP-passed 22nd Amendment that made a lame-duck of him at a time when most of his predecessors were making believe (however silly it sounded) that they might seek third terms. Silly? Well, yes, but the kind of thing that would keep Nixon under control.

Instead Nixon has stepped out, front and center. The old Nixon. All through the '56 campaign, Bill Blair, *New York Times* man, tracked Nixon with a miniature German-built recording machine to catch, beyond peradventure, any charge Nixon hurled. Nixon didn't hurl. He confused the press by being the "new Nixon." Victory was sure and he wore company manners.

But in the first kick-off of the uphill '58 battle Nixon quickly spread charges Blair vainly sought two years before. Somebody in the State Department, he cried, was knifing Dulles. His opponents favored "labor racketeering" and talked "rotgut." He established a characteristic sinister target; the new menace—"the

radical ADA Democratic left-wing."

Why did Nixon pull off his '56 disguise? Here is an attempted answer: First of all, Nixon's rousing campaigning ingratiate him with every local Republican he aids; it helps lay the basis for that overwhelming nomination in '60. Next, the election gamble. If the GOP makes an unexpectedly strong showing next month Nixon's tireless campaign will give him a lot of credit. If the GOP takes its expected licking, however, who is to blame?—Nixon who didn't make the policies but loyally defended them, or Eisenhower, the amiable, part-time golfing President? The answer is obvious.

Then again, Nixon is re-establishing the old GOP party identity before Eisenhower introduced "modern Republicanism," and identifying himself with its conservatism, (cf. his Boston tax speech and his no-retreat Formosa line). Finally, (and perhaps most important) Nixon is drawing a tacit contrast between the flaccid White House and himself as a young, positive, energetic leader. Nixon's keen political intuition tells him the country aches for leadership. Well, he has it. If it is a little sharp and blunt, all the better. He is tough—he can march right up and use the word "rotgut;" he is positive—he lashes out at disloyalty in the State Department without shilly-shallying.

"No Worse Than Truman"

NIXON's personality is complex, fascinating. He has a first rate intellectual equipment under iron control. Every move is charted, every effect planned. He has little humor and does nothing on impulse. At home he is gracious, deferential, a model head of family. He has an eager Eagle Boy Scout look and a responsive smile under that Bob Hope ski-slope nose.

In politics this quiet young man is a killer. He has an instinct for the jugular. Many people cannot credit this. This young man, the inventor of McCarthyism in his attack on Jerry Voorhis, Helen

Gahagan Douglas, Dr. Condon and the like? Impossible! "That was the 'old Nixon,'" they declare. "Why, he's no worse than Truman in his charges."

But there is a difference. Wild as some of Truman's whirling words are, any audience can see there is nothing cruel in the man. Truman would not impugn an opponent's patriotism for victory. Republicans are misguided but not traitors! Certain charges are not made; there are unwritten rules in the great game of politics. But the lethal young Nixon does not accept these rules. He is out for the kill and the scalp at any cost.

Power of a Myth

TWO WEEKS ago we likened the Formosa moves and countermoves to a kind of waltz—a waltz on the brink. Now Dulles has made a formalized step to relax tension, and the Reds have responded with an appropriate counterstep. For the minute, war is further off.

Both sides retreat a little. Dulles in particular is carrying on a brilliant withdrawal operation camouflaged by double-talk. If you don't believe a man can go in two directions at once watch this delicate job of extrication. On one hand it permits poor Nixon, who was caught out on a limb at Los Angeles proclaiming support for the supposed Administration's "no retreat" line, to assert that there has been no basic change in US policy. But at the same time Chiang Kai-shek, who of course knows the score, denounces the US "retreat."

The Chinese Reds throw in a temporary sop. A situation may be developing for a mutual saving of face. What the State Department has quietly dropped overboard is a myth—that Chiang can someday reconquer the mainland and that Quemoy and Matsu are necessary to Formosa's defense. Only myths, but important, too. For it is myths that keep rulers in power, hold nations together, cause wars.

☆

A final word to hail the anonymous teachers of Norfolk, Va. Too often the underpaid US teacher is forgotten and ignored. But when the Virginia segregationists tried to set up a "private" school system in Norfolk, the plan collapsed. Why? The teachers balked. Odd, isn't it? It hadn't occurred to anybody that you can't have school without teachers.

T.R.B.

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Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

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Correspondence

► The Goings on at Seaford

SIRS:

WHILE it was my colleagues, Dr. J. G. Pratt and Mr. W. G. Roll, both of the Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory, who made the study of the puzzling physical happenings in the Hermann household at Seaford, L. I.,

(Continued on page 23)

The Court and Its Foes

IF THE legislatures of the several states may, at will, annul the judgments of the Courts of the United States, and destroy the rights acquired under those judgments, the Constitution itself becomes a solemn mockery. . . .

So said the Supreme Court in its opinion of September 29, 1958, in the Little Rock case. But the words were not those of the nine Justices whose unanimity in the matter of school integration has been so gratifyingly evidenced. They were first spoken a century and a half ago by Chief Justice John Marshall. The legislature he had in mind was that of Pennsylvania, and there was a passage with state troops, which had been called out to resist, before the Court's judgment prevailed.

Prevail it did, of course, in this instance as in the other ones—and they are not a few—when the excited particularism of a state attempted opposition to the national will as expressed by the Court. The point about these efforts to escape the burdens of nationhood is not that they occurred but that in the end they failed. Incomparably more so than any other branch of government, the Court has its being in the continuity of history, which it calls to witness for its every utterance. Last week's opinion in the Little Rock case is serene in its sense of the past and of what the past teaches.

Previous efforts at resistance demonstrate that there cannot be defiance by state authorities of specific decrees of the Court, and that circumvention and evasion of such decrees are likely to be very costly in terms of other state interests, often prohibitively costly. But the performance of the Court's law in its broad and sustained application is a function of its rightness, not merely of its pronouncement.

It will not do—though this describes exactly the position of many a contemporary politician and commentator, not least of all the virulent Mr. David Lawrence—to let one's allegiance to the institution depend on and fluctuate with what material interest it happens to be vindicating at the moment. But it will not do either to hide behind the Justices' skirts, abandoning to them entirely the function of sorting out right from wrong in light of the traditions and purposes of our society. There remains, for the citizen and for his leaders, their own responsibility of judgment.

The principles the Court announces, like every action of government, must in the long run conform to the moral aspirations of our people, and must meet their needs and be confirmed by experience. Else they are abandoned, directly or by desuetude. This also history teaches, and in this respect also last week's opinion is justly serene. For it is right, being a phase in the process of rendering as "living truth" the ideal of "equal justice under law." That process, as Lincoln knew, was set afoot together with the Republic itself. It was not forced then. Lincoln would not have forced it, and in the context of our day, the Court is not forcing it now. It is a gradual process. But in it our people have never tolerated stagnation or retrogression.

A Formosa Plebiscite?

IN COMMENTING on the future of Formosa elsewhere in this issue, Denis Healey and John K. Fairbank reflect a significant divergence of views on the desirability—and feasibility—of self-determination achieved under UN auspices. Professor Fairbank can hardly be described as one of Chiang's champions among US students of China. Yet he believes that "an application of our Western idea of self-determination through a plebiscite on Formosa is not easily conceivable. Self-determination through letting an electoral process function is probably the most we can hope for." He does not challenge Michael Lindsay's description in these pages last week of a relatively stable Nationalist government which has, over the years, sunk some political roots as an indigenous Formosan regime; he speaks of this estimate as "a useful corrective to the American public stereotype of Nationalist corruption." In short, he apparently sees as desirable and possible an evolutionary process within the Nationalist regime, or growing out of it, as the best available way to achieve an "independent" Formosa.

Mr. Healey, on the other hand, argues explicitly for "a period of trusteeship under the United Nations" leading to a plebiscite. "The real danger," he maintains,

... is that so long as the Chiang regime is left in sovereign control of Formosa, any concession to Peking may so shift the loyalties of the Chinese Nationalists as to lead to the peaceful transfer of Formosa to the mainland.

In our view Mr. Healey points to what is indeed the crux of the issue when he suggests the possibility of a Nationalist deal with Peking. But we are not at all certain that—in the light of this undeniable danger—proposals for a UN-administered Formosa actually offer the best hope for a non-Communist Formosa. Precisely the reverse may be true. The most likely way to strengthen opportunist arguments in Taipei for a sellout to the Communists may very well be to suggest that the US is willing to see the Nationalist order on Formosa replaced with something else. And such a sellout would not take long to execute once the US and its friends had the edifice of trusteeship on the diplomatic drawing board. Talk about "face"! There are many humiliating finales to which our dead-end China policy might yet lead us, but none so totally damaging, and so very real a possibility, as Nationalist desertion of us.

While Mr. Healey says it is too late for a "two Chinas" policy, it may, in fact, be too late for anything else. But let us be clear that what can be called a "two Chinas" policy in the present situation would not be the same as what went by this name several years ago. The sovereignty of one of the "Chinas" can now be re-defined by

informal international agreement as being limited to Formosa and the Pescadores (by avoiding any formal re-definition, Peking's long-term territorial claims would not be legally challenged). Such an implicit re-definition might be accompanied by official US expressions of a desire to see the Nationalist regime evolve into a more representative government of Formosa. The US would also have to indicate its willingness to acquiesce in Peking's claim to the Chinese Security Council seat—providing the Nationalists were given an Assembly seat as the government of Formosa—and to recognize the Peking regime.

Both Peking and Taipei would, of course, denounce any plan for two seats in the UN. But the Nationalists stand to gain from any arrangement which leaves them in control of something rather than nothing; and the UN may find it easier to consent to a Nationalist Assembly seat than to attempt intervention in Formosa against the will of a *de facto* government. A proposal for two UN seats—if it gained enough international support—might permit the maintenance of a stalemate until first Taipei and perhaps later Peking gave ground.

Whatever the US does, as we argued last week, must have as its basis a working consensus with allies and neutrals—and this will require a plan for scaling down Nationalist and US forces on Formosa. In seeking a new consensus the US should make clear that adherence to the Nationalists need no longer mean continuance of anything like a 600,000-man army. Peking can continue to divide the US from other non-Communist powers so long as the Nationalists are in a position to harass the mainland militarily. But a gradually demilitarized Nationalist Formosa—guaranteed, perhaps, by patrolling aerial observation teams or some other "UN presence" in the Formosa Strait—would most certainly be another matter.

Hello, Goodbye

IN EVERY political campaign, somehow, there's an anonymous little guy who puts his finger on the nub of the matter. This year the finger-putter was a hot dog muncher at Jack Levy's Famous, an east side New York hog dog and pizza stand.

Nelson Rockefeller, Republican candidate for Governor, on a political slumming tour of the area, greeted our hero brightly.

"Hello, there," he said.

The muncher silently moved away, thereby attracting the omnipresent reporters. How come, they wanted to know, he was snubbing all those oil millions.

"Can I put 'hello' in the bank?" came the practical answer.

Never was our faith in democracy so affirmed.

Labour Closes Its Ranks

THE BRITISH Labour Party's 1958 conference assembled at Scarborough in a state of uneasy frustration. After years of taking victory in the next election for granted, it had suddenly found the Conservatives drawing slightly ahead in the opinion polls. And as delegates crowded into the conference hall on the first day they were discussing a Gallup Poll published by the *News Chronicle* which claimed to analyze the reason for Labour's fall from grace. It made disturbing reading. Though most of those polled still saw Labour as the party of social justice, they gave a higher priority to experienced leadership and forward-looking plans for national expansion, where they thought the Conservatives superior. They doubted Labour's ability to work as a team and even preferred Selwyn Lloyd to Aneurin Bevan as Foreign Secretary—this for many delegates was the unkindest cut.

Most British commentators expected the disappointment of the rank-and-file delegates to erupt in violent attacks on the Labour Party leadership and program, with Hugh Gaitskell as the main scapegoat. In fact the conference was the most united since Labour fell from power in 1951.

The keynote was struck by Aneurin Bevan at a pre-conference demonstration when he declared emphatically: "Hugh Gaitskell is there, elected by the Party, and he commands the overwhelming loyalty of all of us. . . . We have got the leadership settled." It was Gaitskell who made the three central speeches of the conference—on Quemoy, on economic policy, and on foreign affairs in general. They were all very well received, the economic speech evoking the greatest display of enthusiasm the conference has seen for many years. Bevan himself spoke so effectively on foreign affairs that the conservative *Daily Express* had ruefully to admit he could no longer be used as a bogeyman by the Tories.

There is still, of course, a great range of attitudes and opinions inside the Labour Party, but they are no longer polarized into two hostile blocs. The Party is now united not only behind a settled leadership, but also behind a detailed program of action for its next period of government. All that remains is to win the election.

The Dying Passenger

THE railroad passenger will be a dead pigeon by 1970, according to a study by an Interstate Commerce Commission examiner. The report, released the other day, did not upset the railroads; on the contrary, the industry was cheered by the evidence, if any was needed, that the government agency which regulates the railroads in the public interest was fatalistic about the prospect that the public would no longer be allowed to ride on them. On

the stock market the morning after the ICC report was published, the rails surged to new highs, recalling the boom in Crowell-Collier shares when *Collier's* was destroyed. Like the magazine, the railroad passenger is worth more to the investor dead than alive.

Yet, the industry argues and the ICC man agrees it is not the railroads but the government and the public itself that are doing in passenger service—the government by subsidizing the highways and airways, and the public by taking to them en masse. It is fruitless to recall that the railroads, too, were built largely by subsidies; the present threat of subsidized competition is only too real. But it is hard to believe that the mass departure from the railroads has been entirely voluntary. The truth seems to be that a vicious circle has developed. The railroads, to reduce losses on passengers, raise fares and cut service. More and more riders thereupon abandon the trains, setting up the basis for another rise in fares and further cuts in service, and so on.

One could, like the ICC, be reasonably complacent about the trend. Old ways die, new ways take their place—that's progress. But there is a nagging doubt. For the railroads are still the most efficient device yet invented for moving masses of people. A railroad track can, they tell us, carry as many commuters in the rush hour as twenty-four lanes of superhighway, and more cheaply and safely, too, if one took all the costs into account. And the highways have their own vicious circle: the more speedways we build, the more cars we bring into our cities to clog up the streets and smog up the air, thus forcing us to tax ourselves to build still more speedways.

The railroad balance sheets say hauling people is a losing business. Society, unfortunately, does not publish a balance sheet; if it did, it might divert some of the billions it spends on highways into the promotion of fast cheap railroad service.

A small beginning in spending has indeed been made this year, though not for better service. The New Haven Railroad announced that it would abandon its Old Colony Line unless Boston and South Shore communities coughed up a subsidy of \$900,000 for one year. The Massachusetts Legislature hesitated, dubious about the constitutionality of the levy. The Old Colony thereupon was closed down, and the lawmakers hastily swallowed their doubts. Gratified, the New Haven turned to the New York metropolitan area and dropped the hint that it might have to end commuter services there unless \$5 million a year was forthcoming. Similar tactics have won sharp tax reductions for the New York Central and the Long Island Railroad. But service has continued to deteriorate, fares have continued to rise and traffic, naturally, has continued to decline. And there is, of course, no guarantee that the roads will not, once granted subsidies, and tax relief, be back for more the following year.

The railroads' threats to abandon services are no bluff.

While they had been doing it piecemeal all along, the late Congress gave them the means for a massive speed-up. The Smathers Act not only provided Federal guarantees for \$700 million of loans to railroads, but also gave the ICC authority to override state agencies that try to block the abandonment of local services. In doing so, it openly recognized what has been generally well understood in transport circles—the natural bent of the ICC toward the railroad point of view. (We speak here of the railroads in a fiscal rather than a physical sense, as devices for carrying interest charges, rather than for carrying freight or people.) This predilection of the ICC would perhaps have been a better subject of inquiry than the Goldfine case for the Senate Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. The public is, unfortunately, far removed from the operations of such agencies as the ICC and was scarcely represented at all at the Smathers hearings. But to the railroad companies, the ICC is a very serious matter, and a certain intimacy is assured by the nature of things. Nobody in the industry was surprised when, in the last year, two members of the commission, one of them its chairman, resigned to become railroad vice presidents, at more than double their former salaries. Nor is it thought remarkable that the number of railroad officers and directors receiving unusually generous salaries—even by the standards of our richest industries—continues to rise. (The Pennsylvania Railroad is pleading its need for another increase on Nov. 1—the third in the last year and a half—of 15 percent in Pullman fares and five percent in regular fares, although its 1957 report to the ICC listed 117 officials as receiving more than \$20,000 per year.)

The decline of passenger travel may be good news to railroad shareholders, whose stocks at this writing have risen nearly 50 percent in nine months. But it is bad news for the country. To encourage the railroads to abandon services more rapidly, or even to subsidize the status quo here and there, is a dubious solution. Certainly, the present spaghetti tangle of competing lines is an anachronism, and proposals to consolidate them into regional systems or even a national railroad system make sense. The question is sometimes raised whether, like our highways and postal services, and like the railroads of Britain and France, our railroads might not be better run under public ownership. If all that the opposition to public ownership can offer is the death of the railroad passenger, it makes a poor case.

The Arizona Phantom

IN ARIZONA, Walter Reuther simultaneously is running on the Democratic ticket for US Senator, two Congressional seats, Governor and Attorney-General.

This may come as news to Mr. Reuther, but it is solemnly advanced as fact by the Republican candidates for

the above offices. Listen, for example, to Barry Goldwater, Junior Senator vigorously campaigning for a second term, and you get the impression that Reuther's "agents" are literally swarming throughout the Grand Canyon state in behalf of Ernest McFarland's bid to exchange his Governor's chair for Goldwater's seat.

Goldwater beat McFarland, Truman's Fair Deal leader in the Senate, by 7,000 votes in 1952 with the aid of Ike's coattails. No one knows now for sure whether he has picked up enough strength in the meantime not to need the coattails anymore.

"Corruption and Reuther" were to be the Junior Senator's two main issues, Goldwater intimates admit to friendly newspapermen. The Adams-Goldfine incident killed the former; "hence, Barry's all-out emphasis on Reuther and big labor." In fairness to Goldwater, this statement is not completely correct. The Junior Senator does take time out occasionally to remind his audiences that he should be re-elected "because of his deep affection for the Arizona Indians"—and, of course, his often-reiterated regard for Arizona farmers, miners, and businessmen. He rarely refers to his Senate votes last year against foreign aid, social security increases, reciprocal trade, or aid to education. When he does, it's to describe these measures as "welfare state legislation."

What may decide the contest is the approximately 350,000 out-of-staters who have settled in Arizona since 1952. Roughly half of them are qualified to vote next month. And although some of them are wealthy Republicans who settled in plush resort centers, others are factory workers from Democratic cities who have found jobs in Arizona's new electronics industry, or middle-income, middle-of-the-roaders who moved to Arizona because they liked the perennial sunshine. A good proportion of these, as the polls repeatedly indicate, are still "making up their minds." But self-styled middle-of-the-roader McFarland is confident they will decide on him.

How Affluent?

A BROWSER through the September, 1958, *Federal Reserve Bulletin* might be a little shocked to learn that in 1957, 8 percent of all families received total incomes of \$1,000 or less and that nearly a third earned under \$3,000. And, fewer than one in five managed to make as much as \$7,500. All of the numbers apply to income before taxes. The lowest 10 percent subsisted on a mere one percent of the nation's gross income, the fortunate top tenth enjoyed 29 percent of all income produced, and the least fortunate 30 percent made do on 8 percent of the national income. J. K. Galbraith in his excellent *Affluent Society* identified the tendency of this country to grow richer and richer. But, as his own qualifications suggest, most Americans are far from being affluent. Unsimulated poverty is still the lot of many.



The Superficial Aspect

If This Be Treason

JUST WHY the President lit on the ancient Green with such remarkable fury is a mystery to a superficial observer. Green hadn't done anything except raise some questions in a private letter. In fact, the Rhode Island Senator seems to have been leaning backward in the effort to avoid any public disclosure of his objections to Administration policy with regard to Quemoy. It was Mr. Eisenhower who ripped the cover off and let the hornets out.

But now that they are out they prove to be stingers. A fight over Quemoy, said Green—not to the newspapers, but in a private letter to the President—would in his opinion be “military involvement at the wrong time, in the wrong place, and on issues not of vital concern to our own security, and all this without allies either in fact or in heart.”

Senator Green is not a private individual. He is Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and as such he has not only the right but the duty to keep the President informed of the direction his thought is taking. For the President then to announce publicly, not in a private answer to a private letter, “I deeply deplore the statement . . . if that were believed it would embolden our enemies,” looks very much like a denunciation of Green for doing his plain duty.

No one need worry unduly over the Senator from Rhode Island. The Nestor of the Senate in years gone by has been involved in many a nastier fight than this, and he is still hanging around while his former opponents are listed among the missing. Green can take care of himself. What is of far greater significance is the state of mind that the exchange reveals in the White House.

Is it within the bounds of belief that the President is unaware of the extreme distaste most Americans feel for a war in China? We will fight anywhere if the safety of the country is involved; but the South Pacific and Korea have dispelled whatever illusion we may have cherished that war in Asia is in any way glamorous. We don't want war anywhere; but if there is a choice among bad eggs, war amid the filth and misery of the Far East is the worst

of all. Furthermore, whether the President believes it or not, Mr. Dulles has not advanced any conclusive argument to prove that the defense of Quemoy is really essential to the defense of Formosa. He has not even proved that the existing military activity is defense.

That in this adventure we are without allies “in fact or in heart” is so well attested that the President does not attempt to deny the charge directly. He meets it only with an assertion that our friends will always back us in a stand against aggression.

But all this is beside the main point. That point is that a responsible public official is publicly rebuked for communicating to the commander-in-chief in a private letter certain doubts that are troubling him. If Eisenhower, as commanding general in Europe, had received from some corps commander a report that the situation looked bad, is it imaginable that he would have denounced the corps commander for making such a report? Yet that is in effect what he has done to Senator Green. To make it worse, in this matter Green is not even under Eisenhower's direct command. In the management of foreign affairs a Democratic Senator may be an ally, but he is not a subordinate.

The whole affair looks like very bad staff work in Washington. Either the President is not informed of the true state of public opinion, or he has misunderstood the position that the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee occupies. In either case he has been badly misinformed by his aides and when the President is misinformed the results may be serious indeed for the country.

THERE is another explanation, but it is too sinister in its import to be accepted readily. This is the explanation that the President has allowed the party political manipulators to lay their hands on foreign policy. If Quemoy is to be used as a political pawn, then the handling of this incident is logical enough, for in the political game it is one of the rules to equate the slightest criticism with high treason. If Green said what he did merely to embarrass the Republican Party, then he has invited public rebuke.

But if that was his purpose, why did he communicate it to the President privately instead of giving it to the newspapers directly? On the evidence presented to date the Rhode Island Senator is not convicted of playing politics. On the evidence so far he has only reported to the President anxieties that are felt by a great many other people than Senator Green; and for that he is given a stinging rebuke.

The superficial aspect of this matter indicates that the President doesn't want to hear bad news, even if it is true; and if we are moving in this crisis under the leadership of a man who doesn't want the truth if it is unpleasant, we are in a bad way.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

The Organization Man vs the Hipster

THE LAST chapter of Edmund Fuller's *Man In Modern Fiction* presents the ethical alternatives of our age as "The Hipster or the Organization Man." But in the state of California these alternatives do not belong to fiction; they belong to fact. They are not a literary device; they are a political reality.

Each of them offers himself as a candidate for Governor of the state. And with that fine disregard for convention which is peculiar to the politics of California, it is the party of liberalism, the Democratic Party, that espouses the Organization Man; and it is the party of conservatism, the Republican Party, that puts forward the Hipster.

It is unmistakable that Brown, the candidate of the Democratic Party, is the perfect Organization Man. Affable, gregarious, warm-hearted, honest, he circulates smoothly among the voters, somehow conveying the assurance that, while he will never offend with any unseemly brilliance of intellect or of policy, he nevertheless has a kindly eye upon the several interests of the people, is prepared to heal strife rather than to excite it, and holds in affectionate and enlightened concern the well-being of the commonwealth. The organization which he so superbly represents, of course, is not a business corporation, nor a labor union, nor a church, nor a political party, but the state of California.

It is equally unmistakable that Knowland, the candidate of the Republican Party, is the pure type of political Hipster. This involves the strange paradox that he has almost completely withdrawn himself as a human being from any vital communication with the people whom he presumes now to represent and purposes later to govern.

It was not always so with him. There was a time when he won both the Republican and the Democratic endorsements as a candidate for Senator. But since then he has moved out more and more on his own. It is not a matter of record that he cooperated notably with the President who was the head of his party. It is not clear even that he cooperated well with his own party. It is uncertain now that he could collaborate with the people of California. It is improbable, even, that this hipster, if elected, would work in harmony with the affluent hipsters who support him for office.

Which of the two candidates would make the better leader? One is tempted to a blunt reply: Brown won't lead; Knowland will lead—to disaster. Such is the immediate feel of the situation. Doubtless the real possibilities are more complicated. Let us not inquire with whom lies the greater intelligence. Say simply that both men are men of integrity; both are men of courage.

But the courage of Brown expresses itself within the

framework of the Organization. Within these limits his decent and humane impulses will prompt him to some effort at leadership; and, because he is one with his people, he will have their collaboration in the endeavors of a modestly constructive statesmanship. The courage of Knowland for some years now has been expressing itself beyond the confines of the discipline of any organization. If so, he ceases to lead; he can only lead off, or lead out. If he is a man of principle, then he is a prophet. If he is a man of caprice, then he is a hipster. But neither the prophet nor the hipster leads any but himself.

At this point I ought to make it clear that all I have written about Brown and Knowland is in the mood of the perplexed, independent voter, and it happens that the very independent voter exists in large numbers in the state of California. In the past some thousands of him were registered as Democrats, but continued to help elect Republicans to high office. In recent times some thousands of him, though registered as Republicans, voted for a Democratic candidate in the primaries.

The odds are, of course, that the independent voter will elect the Organization Man as Governor. He will not do this because Brown is really more of a liberal than Knowland; or because the Democratic Party offers a more attractive program than does the Republican Party. He will do this because Brown belongs, and Knowland does not belong. Not to be too cynical about it: a politician can be a prophet if he sticks to representative rather than to administrative posts. But a prophet is no good as Governor unless he ceases to be a prophet. And a hipster is no good either as Governor or as Senator, since he represents private caprice rather than advanced principle.

The one critical uncertainty in the election has to do with the race for United States Senator. In the primaries the Democratic candidate, Engle, had a big advantage over Knight, the Republican candidate. But it happens that the ideal Organization Man in this instance is Goodwin Knight. As a person he surpasses even Brown as the affable, gregarious politician who loves just about everybody and manages to be loved by just about everybody. As for Engle, it would be incorrect to describe him as either a hipster or a prophet. He is a man of considerable vigor who has known how to work well with his own party. One wonders only if the Democratic high command is making a tactical error in advertising Engle as a man who will be a significant leader in the Senate. Maybe the people of California don't really want such a fellow around even as far away as Washington, D. C.

Meanwhile it is Goodwin Knight who has come out with the perfect statement of the political philosophy of togetherness which is the creed of the Organization Man.

He calls it "Family Faith." It is explained like this: "In the family circle are embodied all the principles and hopes to which I am dedicated. The ideals of the family, the joys of the family—its warmth, its love, its sacrifices, its rewards—have been the fabric of my life."

But on what basis will the independent voter choose his man for the Senate? Maybe Goodwin Knight will get a heavy sympathy vote, because he was well liked as Governor, and there is widespread resentment of the arrogance of the few who kept him from running to succeed himself. But maybe the people will decide that Goodie is gutless, and that a man who does so poorly in defending his political prerogatives will hardly be a vigorous representative of the state at Washington.

Nevertheless, he is the perfect political good fellow. He still has considerable support from organized labor. There is a strong organization of Democrats for Knight for US Senator. And surely it would be fascinating to watch him put his "Family Faith" into action in the larger affairs of the nation and of international relations.

The ideal resolution would be to elect Brown as Governor and Knight as Senator. This would advertise the continued independence of the independent voter in California by putting a Democrat in one spot and a Republican in another. And for the political arena it would proclaim the absolute triumph of the Organization Man over the Hipster.

Berkeley, Calif.

ROBERT E. FITCH

Formosa Through China's Eyes

At the invitation of the editors, John K. Fairbank comments on Michael Lindsay's discussion of the future of Formosa in the last issue of The New Republic. Professor Fairbank directs the program of Chinese Economic and Political Studies at Harvard University and is the author of The United States and China.

AFTER A RECENT six months in Formosa, Michael Lindsay has concluded that the Nationalist Government has made substantial progress in winning the support of the 9 million Formosans, in addition to that of the two million Mainlanders now on the island. He believes that "a solution which left Formosa an independent state under UN protection would have secured majority support in Formosa some years ago," but "today . . . the present government would very likely win the election," on account of the general progress made in land reform, industry, education and local government.

This view of progress under the Nationalists may be a useful corrective to the American public stereotype of Nationalist corruption, etc., which is now by Lord Lindsay's account some years out of date. As for the future, his distinction between an "independent" and a Nationalist-governed Formosa may confuse many Americans, who have considered all along that our defense of Formosa has been aimed at keeping it "independent," *i.e.*, not under Peking control.

Without entirely clarifying it, Lord Lindsay has indicated the gulf between the American and Chinese political traditions. This is something to consider, supposing we really want to think about our Formosa problem, instead of alternately ignoring and condemning it.

Recent American discussion has generally assumed that Formosa's future should be settled on a basis of *self-determination*, through an "election" or "plebiscite."

Self-determination, ever since the Declaration of Independence, has been our major political doctrine, both for the creation of 49 states at home and for export abroad to new states in Asia like the Philippines or Indonesia, whose founding documents echo those of the United States. Our Open Door doctrine for China began by claiming equal opportunity there for Americans but soon expanded to support China's "integrity," *i.e.*, her opportunity to remain an independent nation. What is more natural than that we should now advocate the opportunity of the people on Formosa to set up their own government as a new and independent state if they so desire?

The Chinese political tradition on the whole stands opposed to this concept. It invokes a different principle, the *political unity of the Chinese culture area*. Chiang Kai-shek is not a frontiersman seeking to found a new state in a new geographic region. He is still fighting to be the ruler of all Chinese, the modern Son of Heaven, in place of his rival, Mao Tse-tung.

Chiang Kai-shek's all-or-nothing approach to Chinese politics does not fit in with the instinctive American hopes for a small but viable, UN-guaranteed and US-protected, Republic of Formosa. The Generalissimo's thinking, from our point of view, seems out of date, as it has been in many ways for 30 years past, ever since he first came to power during the era of Calvin Coolidge. His thinking, nevertheless, represents the feelings of many of our Chinese allies in the Nationalist Government—or possibly, as Lord Lindsay suggests, of a great number of the people on Formosa. If we are to succeed in maintaining a Formosa free of the Communist mainland, we must deal, in some way, with this Nationalist point of view. We can maintain a steady policy only if we see our role in Formosa through Chinese eyes as well as Western.

Such an intellectual effort to understand China's poli-

tics, instead of merely supporting one or another faction there, might enable us, almost for the first time, to utilize Chiang Kai-shek instead of being utilized by him.

First, we would have to look at our problem in the light of Chinese history, not just our own. We must realize the long continuity of Chinese political patterns. When the Manchus and their Chinese collaborators came down from the north to conquer China in the mid-17th Century, Ming loyalists held out on Quemoy Island and then on Formosa for several decades. The Kuomintang loyalists of today must be seen in the context of the great dynastic struggles for the Chinese Empire, not simply in terms of the American War for Independence. An ancient heritage lies behind their modern patriotism.

SIMILARLY, Chiang Kai-shek's dealings with us over three decades must be seen in the context of the ancient tradition of China's manipulation of the non-Chinese barbarians of Inner Asia. Contenders for power in traditional China commonly found it essential to utilize the barbarians, for the latter were powerful fighters, though often naïve in politics and easily swayed by their feelings of pride or fear. There is a great body of lore and precedent on this subject in Chinese historical annals. Sometimes the Chinese were out-manipulated by the barbarians. The Sung Emperors, for example, made a mistake in getting Mongol help against the Jurchen invaders from Manchuria; the Mongols eventually conquered China. Similarly, the Manchus were invited inside the Wall to suppress a Chinese rebellion; and the Manchus stayed to conquer and rule the country. But generally the more sophisticated rulers within China have been able to out-think and over-awe the less subtle foreigners.

This is not mere antiquarianism. Peking leaned on Britain until 1895 and then turned to Russia in 1896. The main Chinese problem in the modern period has been to find the issues which would motivate the foreign powers. Thus the diplomats of the young Chinese Republic invoked international law with considerable success at the Paris peace conference in 1919, at a time when the rule of law was only very sketchily understood or accepted within their warlord-ridden country at home.

Nationalist China put barbarian-manipulation on a new level after 1941, when massive American aid flowed to China for the first time from the United States Government. Under the sacred American doctrine of sovereignty, such aid could go only to the sovereign power in China, the Nationalist Government. Thus the United States began to sail the uncharted seas of China's dynastic politics just in time to climb aboard and sink with the ship.

In general, barbarians can be manipulated both by their hopes and by their fears. Americans who have deep and indeed religious convictions but are uninformed about Chinese politics are particularly suitable for this treatment. Witness our policy makers today, who have been

unable to resist Chiang Kai-shek's proud claims of sovereignty. His unilateral decision to concentrate his troops on Quemoy is a demonstration that an ex-Son of Heaven can wear the modern mantle of national sovereignty. We are reminded of his similarly sovereign and disastrous concentration of forces out on a limb in Mukden in 1947, contrary to the advice of Generals Marshall and Wedemeyer.

To the claims of sovereignty, which by our own code we cannot deny, are added the claims of anti-Communism. Since Japan ceased to be a menace to us in 1945, the great lever available to Chiang Kai-shek by which to move American policy has been the fear of Communism. Opponents or even critics of the Nationalists are quickly tarred as pro-Communist. It seems safe to suggest that Chiang's anti-Communism is a concrete anti-Communism, directed against his long-time rivals, the Chinese Communists in person. American anti-Communism is inclined to be less personally concrete and more generalized. We are anti-Communist in defense of individual freedom and due process of law, among other things, and against the all-powerful totalitarian state. Yet civil liberties, as Lord Lindsay indicates, are not in the forefront of Formosa's current progress. It should be no derogation of the Nationalist Government to remember that it copied the Soviet structure and methods of party dictatorship in order to gain power in the 1920s. Chinese politics are played in a different key than our own, amid different cultural values.

Such examples of the difference between the Chinese and American political traditions suggest the conclusion that an application of our Western idea of self-determination through a plebiscite on Formosa is not easily conceivable. Self-determination through letting an electoral process function is probably the most we can hope for, but in time it may be enough to represent genuine democracy. Meanwhile the Chinese Communists in Peking can be expected to maintain their claim to Formosa, for the same reason that we support Formosan independence, because it offers an alternative center of Chinese political, cultural and intellectual development. No dynasty of the old days would have tolerated the continued existence of such a rival center of Chinese life.

OUR REAL problem, and the real argument for an independent Formosa, is in the broadest sense cultural. China's ancient and distinctive cultural tradition must be studied, interpreted and evaluated by modern Chinese scholars who are free to think creatively. Otherwise, the new adaptations of Chinese ways to modern life, the new forms of Chinese language and literature, the new political processes and economic institutions, will all be Communist-made and Communist-directed. Formosa is now a cultural bastion as much as it is a military one.

JOHN K. FAIRBANK

Formosa and the Western Alliance

by DENIS HEALEY

TWO YEARS ago the Anglo-French adventure at Suez strained Western unity almost to the breaking point. The United States came out in vigorous and public opposition to her European allies. As a result she was able to find a solution for the Canal problem which protected Europe's real interests in the area far more effectively than even the success of the military operation could have hoped to do. More important still, she saved the prestige of the West as a whole in the uncommitted world from the ruinous consequences of a British Prime Minister's conduct. But despite the concrete advantages of the settlement which was ultimately reached, the two sides within the alliance became so extreme in their disagreement on the principles involved that the Suez affair has poisoned relations between Britain and the US ever since.

In the present crisis over Quemoy the roles are reversed. The root of the misunderstanding in each case lies in the failure of the government concerned to identify its fundamental interests in the area concerned. Since the end of World War II, Britain's fundamental interest in the Middle East has been access to increasing supplies of oil at a reasonable price. But she has persistently confused this legitimate interest with the maintenance of particular positions and privileges which are neither morally justifiable nor practically tenable in the present climate of Arab and world opinion. By asserting her right to defend imperial positions by force Britain not only drove her allies into opposition but also encouraged them to treat her real interests with a careless pharisaism which greatly exacerbated the mutual irritation. The estrangement became complete when Britain sought to justify her use of force by appealing to general principles, like "defense against aggression," which though completely sound in themselves simply did not apply to the situation created by Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal Company. Thus when Britain and the US finally found themselves in public opposition to one another, normal differences of interest and judgment had become hopelessly confused with apparent disagreement on issues of moral principle which envenomed every attempt to effect a reconciliation. And when the immediate crisis was over it was possible to restore a working partnership between

the allies only after Eden disappeared from the scene.

American policy in the Western Pacific has followed a course depressingly similar to that of Eden in the Middle East. She has a major and legitimate strategic interest in the area which her European allies would readily support if it were frankly presented as the determining factor in her policy. But ever since 1950 this strategic interest has been obscured by American support for the side which lost the Chinese civil war. It would be unkind to quote once again the irrefutable arguments by which Mr. Dulles once proved the case for recognizing the Peking regime as the Government of China. But his later refusal to recognize these realities has involved him in contradictions of principle which make his allies despair. Thus he argues in his New York speech of September 25 that "what is involved [at Quemoy] is a Communist challenge to the basic principle of peace that armed force should not be used for aggression"; yet according to his own premises, the Peking regime is not the government of a sovereign state which can commit aggression by sending armed forces over its frontiers, but the leader of a rebel movement against the legitimate government of all China. An attack on Quemoy is thus simply an episode in the continuing civil war. He refuses to allow Peking to shoot its way into the United Nations; yet he does nothing to assist Peking's entry during the three years when the guns are silent. He demands pledges from Peking, against the use of force to take the offshore islands. Yet he has never sought (or at any rate obtained) a public pledge from the Formosa Government against the use of force to invade the mainland; on the contrary, he has helped the Nationalist forces to keep up a constant guerrilla war against the Communists.

These inconsistencies are embarrassing enough. But the most serious complaint against Mr. Dulles is that he has made it almost impossible for America herself to find any solution of the China problem in general or the Quemoy problem in particular which does not involve losing Formosa to the Communists. Whether it is necessary for America to have a military base in Formosa is still disputed among strategists. But even the most distant European can see that America's security would be damaged if the Communists had a base there. Mr. Dulles' policy over the last six years seems designed to ensure that America should lose all her real strategic interests in the area the moment she makes the smallest adjustment in her untenable political position. By his treaty with the Nationalist Government, and by "acquiescing" in Chiang's move to put a third of his forces on

DENIS HEALEY has earned the reputation of being one of the most realistic and well-informed thinkers on world affairs in British public life. A regular contributor to *The New Republic*, Mr. Healey has been in the House of Commons since 1952, prior to which he was International Secretary of the British Labour Party.

Quemoy and Matsu, he has established both a juridical and a practical connection between the offshore islands, Formosa, the Chiang regime and American security which has robbed him of all room for maneuver. Is there anything his allies can do to get him and his country out of their predicament?

Until last month it might have been possible to evacuate Chiang's forces unconditionally from Quemoy and Matsu with no more change in the general military and political situation in the area than followed the evacuation of the Tachen islands a few years ago. Even a week ago reports from Warsaw suggested that the negotiating positions of China and the US were so close that a compromise might have been reached over the offshore islands with a little external pressure, perhaps from the United Nations. But Mr. Dulles' September 25 speech in New York seemed to rule out any compromise solution for the offshore islands alone. He made it clear that America would not "be a party to any arrangements which prejudice the rights of our trusted and loyal ally, the Republic of China." What this implies in practice was suggested by his belief that "when all the factors, moral and material, are taken into account the defense of Formosa and the offshore islands may not be divisible" and that the loss of the offshore islands might be so demoralizing to the Nationalists as to lead to a Communist revolution on Formosa.

Now that Mr. Dulles himself has exposed America's commitment to the Chiang regime as the root of the difficulty, he must not complain if his allies now attack the problem at its source in Formosa. There was a time when the so-called "two Chinas" policy might have worked, at least as a transitional formula. But the real danger, as Mr. Dulles himself admits, is that so long as the Chiang regime is left in sovereign control of Formosa, any concession to Peking may so shift the loyalties of the Chinese Nationalists as to lead to the peaceful transfer of Formosa to the mainland government. Yet the Formosan people themselves are not Chinese by nationality, and have not been under Chinese sovereignty for half a century. It was in flagrant disregard for the rights of small nations that the Great Powers agreed to give Formosa to China at the end of World War II. This decision must now be frankly admitted as a mistake, and the people of Formosa must be allowed to choose their own future after a period of trusteeship under the United Nations. This will mean the end of the military occupation by the forces of Chiang Kai-shek, and will liquidate the political commitments which have so long obstructed the United States in the search for a workable policy in the Western Pacific. As for the Chinese on Formosa, they must be allowed to choose for themselves as individuals whether they remain on the island, go to mainland China, or seek a habitation in some other country altogether.

Some such solution of the Formosa problem will be-

come necessary in any case when the Peking Government takes its rightful seat in the United Nations. Peking's admission to the UN will also raise an issue which should have been dealt with long ago. The composition of the Security Council has never been adjusted to the tremendous changes which have taken place in the world since the Charter was drafted in 1944. It has long been a scandal that the only permanent member from among well over a thousand million Asians should be the representative of the occupation forces on Formosa. But Asia will be quite inadequately represented even when the Peking Government takes his place. It is desirable that India and Japan should also have permanent seats on the Security Council, and there is a case for adding a Latin American representative, perhaps Brazil. Apart from the general arguments for such changes, a revision of the Charter along these lines might make Chinese membership more palatable to American opinion.

There are several elements in this type of settlement which would be strongly contested by the Peking Government. But in Asia as in Europe the West can only gain if the Communist powers reject solutions which are regarded as reasonable by the uncommitted peoples, while persistence in unreasonable demands enables the Communists to win political victories at no cost to themselves.

The nature of America's present commitments to Chiang Kai-shek rules out any American initiative along these lines at present. But there is no reason why America's allies should not immediately explore the possibilities. And there is every reason why America should not discourage them from doing so. For America's present China policy is visibly collapsing. Since 1953 America's supporters in the United Nations on the China issue have dwindled from 44 to 40, while her opponents have risen from 10 to 29. The majority of her supporters, like Britain herself, are only paying reluctant tribute to allied solidarity; in many cases diplomatic threats or bribes from America have been required to obtain their vote. Support given under such conditions does more damage to the spirit of the alliance than outright opposition. Popular resentment in the allied countries at this annual surrender to American pressure could reach an explosive point should Chiang Kai-shek use the veto he has been given over America's own policy. For who doubts that Chiang Kai-shek sees in a general war in Asia the only hope of restoring his position in China? The feeling that membership of the Atlantic Alliance means giving Chiang the right to involve one in war is the most powerful argument neutralism has ever had in Europe. For this reason even if Mr. Dulles' brinkmanship achieved a local tactical success it would only strengthen the misgivings of his allies. When you are playing Russian Roulette, there is a five-to-one chance that the hammer will strike on an empty chamber. But there is equally a near certainty that you will be dead after pulling the trigger six times.

Third in a Series

New Faces

JOSEPH FREEHILL—With 80,000 out-of-state military and government workers, Arlington, Virginia — across the Potomac from the Capitol—is a part-northern city in the midst of Byrd-dominated Virginia's "massive resistance" to integration. In Arlington are militant segregationists and militant integrationists, as well as fifth generation Virginians who don't like integration but are willing to support a Committee to Preserve the Public Schools.

Integration lost some of its campaign importance when a federal judge recently set ahead to January the admission of the first four Negroes to Arlington schools. Immediate entry for a larger number had been expected; thus the political fevers in the Tenth District (Arlington and nearby Alexandria and Fairfax Counties) have abated somewhat. But the voters who care—on both sides of the issue—no doubt noticed some time ago the difference between Democrat Joseph Freehill and incumbent Republican Joel Broyhill on integration, among other matters.

Broyhill is a "Southside" Virginian and was one of the signers of the Southern Manifesto. His victories since the creation of the 10th District in 1952 have depended heavily on old-line Democratic support; and it's said that if Democrat Byrd sees his Republican friend in trouble this year, he'll send the word down that Democrat Freehill must be defeated.

Freehill has said from the beginning that the schools must stay open. In and out of government since law school days at Harvard — general counsel, at various times, to the Railroad Retirement Board and the Office of Price Stabilization—Freehill, 49, appears frequently as advocate before government agencies. He and his law partner, Joseph Fannelli, made a specialty of security-risk cases at a time when this was not the most lucrative side of a Washington law practice. The firm successfully defended security-risks Sidney Hatkin and Abraham Chasanow; Freehill's eloquent statement to former Navy Secretary James Smith, at the ceremony announcing the restoration of Chasanow's Navy job, provided the foundation for the scenario of the motion picture *Three Brave Men*. On foreign policy he is an unqualified Adminis-



FREEHILL



SMITH

tration critic, citing Sen. J. William Fulbright's August speech with its attack on the military over-emphasis in US policy as indicative of his own attitudes. He favors a "unified national approach" to the problems of urban development and endorses Sen. Joseph Clark's nearly-forgotten proposal for a Department of Urbanization.

Paradoxically, segregationist Broyhill may gain from the court order giving Arlington a breather until January. "With kids rambling around the streets," says one of Freehill's close friends, "people would have leaned in our direction." Now Broyhill is free to thunder about "massive resistance" without having, immediately, to suffer the consequences. Against Byrd's support Freehill brings an enthusiastic new political following gained since his active entry into politics in 1955 (Fairfax County Board of Supervisors) and considerable community stature as president of everything from local Boy Scouts, Community Chests and PTA's to parochial school building fund drives.

NEAL SMITH—Ten years ago a coalition of Southern conservatives and Eastern "paper clubs" (bought and paid for by big-city machines) controlled the Young Democratic Clubs of America, and most "Young Democrats" were not so young—in years or in ideas. The Chattanooga national convention of the Young Democrats in 1949 changed all of that: a new national caucus took shape there to corral the votes for a piece of rank heresy—a resolution praising Harry S. Truman's leadership in civil rights. The principal caucus leader in 1949 who has followed through, in the years since, to install and maintain in power a Northern-Western coalition is deceptively soft-spoken Neal Smith of Iowa. In 1951 the new coalition put in a complete slate headed by Richard Nelson, then executive assistant to Adlai Stevenson; in 1953, Smith himself headed the slate; and the last two national conventions have elected "Smith men."

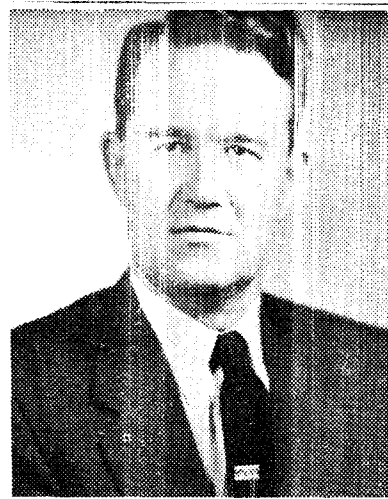
In his home state, Smith, now 38, helped organize a postwar drive to turn out old-line Democratic leaders who "were nice fellows all right, when there was pa-



DOMME



JOHNSON



BURDICK



BETZ

tronage to be dispensed, but who just weren't doing an organizing job and never talked about the issues." As in Minnesota and the Dakotas, the Iowa Democrats who inherited the plums of the New and Fair Deals were the courthouse-steps boys, while the GOP had to itself the Norris brand of agrarian radicalism. And as in Minnesota, Smith believes, "there's a Democratic potential here you can't imagine." Smith and his friends began in 1952 by taking over the Democratic organization in Polk County—Des Moines and environs—electing a 25-year-old attorney as county chairman and going on to take over all local offices from the Republicans. Two years ago they had six of the 16 members on the Democratic state central committee, and early this year, winning four new seats, were able to replace veteran state chairman Jake More.

Among Smith's intra-party opponents are the Teamsters, who opposed him for the Fifth District Congressional nomination at the recent Polk County Democratic Convention and are actively supporting his GOP opponent, 68-year-old Paul Cunningham, a veteran of 18 years in Congress. But he has AFL-CIO support, and as an Iowan-born-and-bred who lives on and farms 80 acres near Des Moines, he is strong in the rural third of his district—the five counties grouped around Des Moines in central Iowa.

Smith's Des Moines law practice reflects the fact that he has one foot in the city and another in the countryside: when he is not handling workmen's compensation cases for the unions, he is getting around the farm hamlets as attorney for various school districts.

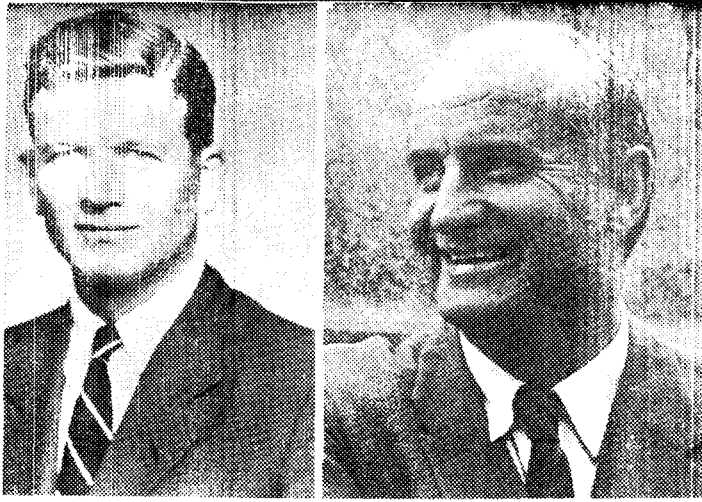
ROBERT DOMME—Another young Midwestern Democrat who has had a lot to do with revitalizing party activities in his state is a 32-year old Topeka lawyer and state legislator now running—and running hard—in the traditionally Republican First District (most of northeast Kansas) now represented by William Avery. Fresh out of Washburn University Law School in 1954, Domme was one of a small group of dissatisfied Young Turks then moving in on the Kansas Democratic organization—Washburn and University of Kansas students

and faculty members, unionists, active Democrats who simply wanted some vigorous leadership.

Against all the odds in GOP-minded Topeka, Domme, a Catholic, won his legislature seat in 1954, and with him into the State House went nearly two dozen new faces in Kansas politics. Democratic representation jumped from a previous grand total of 25 to 41 in a lower house of 165; in 1956 the number of Democrats went up to 50. Domme was one of the managers of the successful 1956 campaign of George Docking—first Democratic Governor of Kansas in 18 years—and after the election became full-time executive assistant to Democratic State Chairman-elect Frank Theis, a Phi Beta Kappa law graduate of the state university.

Domme's father worked for 50 years as a blacksmith in the Santa Fe railroad shops in Topeka, and Domme, too, worked in the shops before going to college. "We're union men," he says; Domme found himself doing what comes naturally when he led the fight in the legislature against "right-to-work" legislation. Labor influence is a political unknown in Kansas. The fortunes of the frankly pro-labor Domme are being watched in view of the controversy over the "right to work" amendment on the November ballot.

A. I. JOHNSON—When a Democratic-Farmer-Labor majority took over the Minnesota House of Representatives three years ago, "A.I." was a natural for Speaker. (Freshmen legislators address him as "Mr. Johnson," closer friends as "Alfred", no one as "Al"). This 60-year-old veteran of 18 years in the House is "probably as highly respected as any person in the Legislature," in the view of a Minneapolis newsman. He is a non-smoker and teetotaler whose reserve verges on the austere. But he's out of the old Farmer-Labor stock, and he'll tell you that he has "no time for a rocking chair way of thinking." In his isolationist Seventh District, for example, he's campaigning for Congress on a prominently-advertised pledge to work for "charitable and benevolent" assistance to other countries, "whether through foreign aid or reciprocal trade. We must work with other nations to help them meet the needs of their people." It is, says John-



LINDSAY

AKERS

son, a prominent Lutheran layman, "our moral and Christian duty."

Johnson's great personal stature has united DFL factions in the Seventh for the first time in years. In spite of his 10 terms, veteran Republican H. Carl Andersen, the last remaining isolationist in the Minnesota Congressional delegation, is in a shaky position. The old saw about the Seventh has always been that the Republicans nominated Andersen and the Farmers Union elected him. This time the key "Farmers Union" counties in the northern part of the Seventh are said to be deserting Andersen, notwithstanding his anti-Benson record. Johnson, who has real estate interests in Swift County, is a critic of GOP farm policy. But Johnson's boosters say he would be more than "another high-supports Congressman." He's compared—not in personality, but in the breadth of his interests—to Hubert Humphrey, whose picture is conspicuous on his campaign pamphlets. Though not highly educated himself (he lived on a farm until his first job as a grocery clerk at 22), Johnson has specialized as a legislator in education. He is a member of the Governor's Commission on Higher Education and is known as an advocate of more junior colleges and of federal scholarship grants for higher education. One state official, who is also a political scientist, speaks of his "great fervor for education and for educated persons."

Like Humphrey, Johnson opposes measures to curb the Supreme Court, believes "further nuclear weapons testing is unnecessary at this time," and wants "rapid" progress toward integration. He speaks his concern at the absence of national leadership to "adjust our life to the great potential for intellectual and spiritual development inherent in automation and our whole new technology."

QUENTIN BURDICK—Sen. William L. Langer and 78-year-old Representative-at-Large Usher L. Burdick personify an era in North Dakota "of tumbleweed radicalism when crops are poor," says a Dakota newspaperman; "of rock-ribbed conservatism when it rains—and of provincial isolationism rain or shine."

Senator Langer's name will again be on the ballot this fall—though he had a close battle in the Republican primary—but Republican Representative Usher Burdick

is retiring after 10 terms in favor of his Democratic son Quentin.

Politically and personally son Quentin and father Usher are as far apart as can be imagined. Usher (and Langer) always ran as Republicans and kept the Non-Partisan League in GOP custody. Quentin, on the other hand, for years worked to cut the League's ties with the Republicans and finally, two years ago, pulled it into the Democratic camp; Usher opposed his son's unsuccessful bid as Democratic Senatorial candidate against Republican Milton Young in 1956. Quentin is a frank internationalist who talks sympathetically of the UN, foreign aid and reciprocal trade, while Usher holds forth in the old Nye-Lemke tradition. Father's personal—and political—life has been colored with "incidents" (his marriage to his 30-year-old secretary last spring was annulled after two months); son's is unexceptionable.

Even when his father has opposed him, 48-year-old Quentin has always received the highest Democratic vote in the state. Why this is so remains a mystery to party professionals who wish he had more of his father's plain-folks manner and capacity for compromise. What this 190-pound former Big Ten football star does have is a grasp of Dakota problems—his Fargo law practice includes the Farmers Union, labor and co-ops—and a stern but winning sincerity about his Democratic convictions.

FRED BETZ—In southeastern Colorado's Third District there are steel mills (Pueblo), mountain resorts (Colorado Springs), irrigated crop lands (the Arkansas River Valley)—and 12 of the old dust-bowl counties. The 62-year-old publisher of the *Lamar Daily News* is "Mr. Dust Bowl." Fred Betz kept his paper going through the bad years of the thirties and lived for years with the practical problems of John Steinbeck's "Okies," first as regional supervisor of the Farm Security Administration and then as regional board chairman of the Farm Credit Administration. Last year, still preoccupied with drought and flood control, he helped draft Sen. John Carroll's bill for a Great Plains Administration.

Senator Carroll praises Betz as "a clutch-fighter, a down-to-earth liberal," and despite the fact that Betz had supported Charles Brannan for the Senatorial nomination two years ago, Carroll was on Betz' side in a primary fight this year. Pro-Carroll Democratic leaders in populous Pueblo have never forgiven Betz for opposing Carroll in '56 (Carroll himself was quick to accept Betz' post-election offer to be his administrative assistant) and put up a citified attorney against strictly country-style Betz. Although Betz carried the rural counties and won the primary, he must now repair intra-party damage to have a chance against Republican J. Edgar Chenoweth.

In Colorado state politics, Betz is known as the man with the "plodding, friendly energy" who made over the Democratic organization as state chairman from 1955 to

1958. During Betz' tenure Carroll defeated arch-conservative Dan Thornton for the Senate, and Stephen McNichols went into the Governor's chair. One of his pet projects as chairman was a fund-raising plan to enlist dollar contributions from Democrats—a fore-runner of this year's national effort by both parties. In his home town of Lamar, Betz has fought to retain municipally-owned utilities, to improve the lot of Mexican-American migrants and even to bring culture—in the form of a concert series from the East—to the Great Plains.

JOHN V. LINDSAY—"My opponent may find it difficult to disagree on most of these issues": the Republican candidate in Manhattan's Seventeenth Congressional District made this somewhat apologetic observation after ticking off his stands on foreign policy, civil rights and labor, among other matters, in a recent "Where I Stand" newspaper duel with Democratic-Liberal opponent Anthony B. Akers. He then went on to single out, as the real issues, Tammany, Southern control of Congressional committees, and his own special qualifications (two years in Washington as executive assistant to Attorney-General Herbert Brownell).

Both candidates for the seat vacated this year—after six notably unproductive terms—by Taft Republican Frederic R. Coudert would, no doubt, show us some significant nuances separating them on many issues. To take an obvious example, Akers is under no restraints in attacking Administration handling of the Quemoy-Matsu crisis. He has specifically urged a UN-initiated cease-fire "followed by military evacuation and neutralization if possible under the UN." Lindsay, on the other hand, spoke in more careful terms last week of a this-far-no-farther line "which does not commit us to the defense of the unimportant and indefensible." But to most voters they must seem to be talking in much the same language, more so, perhaps, than any two opposing candidates anywhere in the country.

Lindsay, a 36-year-old Yale law graduate and partner in a Wall Street firm, is not only a "modern" or "Eisenhower" Republican—he is that even more distinctive quantity, a "New York," "Dewey," "Javits"—now "Rockefeller"—Republican. In the August primary he defeated Coudert's designated successor amid much bad feeling (6,129—4,052). Lindsay was a co-founder of National Youth for Eisenhower in 1952 and later headed the New York Young Republicans. His experience with Brownell in 1955 and 1956 included drafting work on the Administration's 1957 civil rights legislation.

Lindsay makes much of his special competence in civil rights—perhaps as a way of establishing his bonafides on a key "liberal" issue, rather than for any reasons of political arithmetic. Only one percent of the Seventeenth's 316,434 residents are Negroes; at the same time the District is not, as was often suggested in references to Cou-

dert, strictly "silk-stocking." The Seventeenth has its town houses in the Sixties, but it also has part of Greenwich Village, middle-class housing developments (Peter Cooper Village) and the "Third Avenue Irish."

ANTHONY B. AKERS—When Texas-born lawyer "Tony" Akers tried to enlist in the armed forces in 1940 he was turned down for being too tall (six feet, five inches). But he finally got into the Navy as a seaman second-class, rose to the rank of lieutenant-commander, and became a war hero—he was one of the four torpedo boat officers (*They Were Expendable*) who evacuated Gen. Douglas MacArthur from the Philippines.

Tall and broad-shouldered, Akers, 43, has a handshake and a smile that make him, in the words of one supporter, "a really personal guy"—and with a war record, too, a political natural. He began running against Coudert in 1954, coming within 314 votes of winning; in '56, when Eisenhower led Stevenson by almost 25,000 votes in the Seventeenth, Akers lost by 2,500. Like Lindsay, Akers is the candidate of insurgents in his own party. His major backers are in the anti-Tammany Lexington Democratic Club, which has controlled the Ninth Assembly District for the past six years and led in the recent effort to nominate Thomas K. Finletter for US Senator at the New York State Democratic Convention. (Akers, incidentally, served as deputy for negotiations when Finletter was Air Secretary under Truman).

Lindsay can't easily make a Tammany label stick on a "Lex Club" man. But on the debit side for Akers, running against Lindsay—and Rockefeller—is hardly the same as running against Coudert. To some extent—to the extent that national and international issues are cancelled out—the campaign hangs on the intangible factor of personality appeal. Akers is known, after his two previous campaigns. He is out on the street corners every day in his blue-and-white "Akersmobile," concentrating on getting out Democratic and Liberal Party voters who outnumber the Republicans in the registration figures. The Democratic candidate is not "Ivy League" in his manner—Lindsay is—which might be an asset for Akers in a constituency sprinkled with foreign-born voters.

Coudert, as a Catholic, could always cut into the Democratic vote. Now Catholic voters may return to their normally Democratic allegiance (endorsements by Jim Farley and Senator Kennedy are featured in Akers' pamphlets). And Akers' supporters hope that right-wing Republicans who haven't gotten over the primary may try to punish Lindsay. Much depends in the final analysis on whether Harriman or Rockefeller has longer—and stronger—coat tails.

This is the third in a series of six reports on promising new candidates in the fall elections. Next week The New Republic will discuss four Senatorial candidates: Edmund Muskie (Me.); Frederick J. Fayette (Vt.); Harrison A. Williams (N.J.) and George M. Leader (Pa.).

BOOKS & COMMENT

Stephen Spender Shoots To Kill

by Charles Curran

WHEN a man discovers that his loved one has forged his name to a bookful of his checks, cashed his insurance policies, mortgaged his house, and taken his motor-car in order to elope with someone else, he becomes pensive. His feelings about the lady undergo an agonizing re-appraisal. From this point, however, all is uncertain. He

Engaged in Writing, by Stephen Spender (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; \$3.75.)

may decide to write her off. On the other hand, he may go on adoring her.

Students have been scrutinizing this situation ever since Menelaus came home to find a note from Helen telling him not to wait up for her. But a great deal of fresh light has been thrown upon it in recent years by that heartbreak army, the intellectuals who have fallen for Communism. Their accounts of their old flame constitute an important addition to the literature of infidelity. These narratives exhibit several patterns of reaction—among them the Rebuke Tearful, as wrung from Trotsky ("She was a good girl at heart, but she was tempted by that Russian mink"); the Counter-check Quarrelsome, whose latest exponent is Mr. Howard Fast ("So how could I tell she was a trollop?"); the Lover's Leap exemplified by Mr. Louis Budenz ("Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Rome"). But however much they vary, in one respect these ill-used worshippers are all the same.

For they all believe in Engagement. They all insist that an intellectual must be either passionately for, or else furiously against, Communism; that he has a duty to enlist on one or other side of the barricades. They have made involvement into a doctrine.

The doctrine has been accepted, almost without challenge, on both sides of the Atlantic for a generation past. Yet it is far from self-evident. For literary

talent does not necessarily equip its possessor to adjudicate between the planned economy and the price-mechanism, or even to speak *ex cathedra* about nuclear fission. Nor has the writer, in any century but ours, taken it for granted that he was required to become Engaged. When the Armada sailed up the Channel, Shakespeare did not turn out a sonnet-sequence calling for a Popular Front against the menace of Spanish imperialist monopoly finance-capital. English literature, in fact, has survived the failure of most of its practitioners—from Jane Austen to Thomas Hardy, from Chaucer to Goldsmith, from Fielding and Smollett to Conrad and Maugham—to sign manifestos, or march on picket lines, or carry banners into parks. It is only in our own time that the creative artist has been put under compulsion to become a peddler of earthquake pills.

But every doctrine, sooner or later, manufactures a heretic; and now Engagement has done so.

Engaged In Writing is Mr. Stephen Spender's declaration of disbelief. It will shock the faithful. He is, after all, a veteran devotee. For more than twenty years—first as a Communist (his love-affair was youthful, brief and long ago), then as an anti-Communist—he has been a dedicated belligerent, a soldier of culture, a minstrel boy marching to war with his typewriter slung behind him. Now he bids farewell to arms.

It is a rousing farewell. *Engaged In Writing*—there is an ironic flavor about the title—is a cautionary tale, highly unedifying, about a conference of European intellectuals in Venice. The time is March, 1956, just after the Khrushchev speech to the 20th Party Congress that reverberated from the Kremlin rather like tidings of a Black Mass in the Vatican. The conference has been called by

the cultural office of the United Nations, and the delegates come from both sides of the Iron Curtain—poets, novelists, playwrights, painters, physicists. Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, Hungarians, Englishmen mingle among the gondolas, in order to discuss where Engagement stands now.

What happens then is narrated by a blasé, cynical English egg-head. The youngest delegate, he explains, is nearer forty than thirty. The unstated qualification for being there is familiarity with the terms of a debate that has been going on for twenty-five years. The assembly "resembles an Old Boys' meeting of seminarists who have passed a lifetime finding and losing their faiths."

THE discussions begin. They are like a dialectical chess tournament. Everybody is an expert, everybody knows all the openings, all the moves, all the stalemates, all the end-games. The English egg-head supplies a running commentary on the play and the players that sparkles with malice and crackles with wit. This is a *roman à clef* without a crib. But a crib is hardly necessary. The players are drawn from the life, usually in the nude. You can decipher most of their names—Sartre, Silone, Professor J. D. Bernal, and so on—as easily as the clues in a children's crossword. (The book might be used as a Do You Know? quiz for culture-vultures.)

Mr. Spender breaks his egg-heads in order to make an omelette crammed with spice. He exhibits their off-moments, when some of them seek relief from dialectics in drinking and wenching. We see Mr. Olim Asphalt, the 50-year-old "post-ex-anti-Communist writer" turn into "Olim Asphalt, satyr," as he disports himself in a gondola with Magda, the girl from Hungary whose uncle is a Marxist historian. ("He drew the two sides of her blouse apart. . . . Her body, in its partial nakedness, was soft, luxurious, western, and made quite a different impression from her Social Realist face.")

The appeal that Engagement makes to the intellectual is unveiled in the story as fully as Magda's curves; and it is studied as attentively as they are. This appeal is compounded, like hers, out of a promise and a threat. The promise is potency; the threat is impotence. Mr. Spender, giving his verdict on all this,

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puts you in mind of an old boulevardier, a veteran of the boudoirs, summing up a lady who is turning the heads of his juniors. The boulevardier looks her over, for he knows her well. He tells the young men that she is no maiden, that her contours are as fictitious as her complexion, and that they had better leave their wallets at home.

WHEN Mr. Spender had his brief encounter with Communism in 1937, he declared his passion in a book called *Forward From Liberalism* — unkindly dismissed at the time by the British critic Mr. G. M. Young as "out of the

twilight into the fog." Nobody will say that, or anything like that, about *Engaged In Writing*. It is an etching made with vitriol, a craftsman's display both of talent and of skill. Mr. Spender uses comic dialogue as a lethal weapon in a fashion that recalls Peacock (who also roistered with revolutionaries in his youth, and then, forty years after the brave new dawn broke over the Bastille, sat down to flay them with conversation pieces).

The result is that *Engaged In Writing* is a gaudy display of mockery, a smiling satire where almost every sentence draws blood.

The Dynamics of the Greek Spirit

by Cedric H. Whitman

IT HAS BEEN SAID that every Spaniard wants to live the whole life of the universe in himself, every day; the Greek also had a comparatively apocalyptic view of what it means to be alive and to act. It is this which necessitates the creation of so many general books about Greece, and one advantage of Bowra's *The Greek Experience* is that it is motivated by an awareness of the real dynamics of the Greek spirit. It was also doubt-

The Greek Experience, by C. M. Bowra
(Grove; \$3.50).

less the desire to present this spirit in some kind of unity which led Bowra to confine himself to the period before 404 B.C., after which date increasing self-consciousness, political decay, and the cultural fragmentation attendant on the growth of conflicting philosophic schools gradually dismantled the mysterious, clean-limbed structure of the earlier time. Before the fall of Athens, the essence of Hellenism expressed itself through the arts, chiefly poetry, whose symbolic form presented synthetically and immediately what later ages could analyze only in parts. After so many summaries written from a philosophic point of view, the approach through the arts is welcome for many reasons, but above all, perhaps, because it allows us to see the Greeks as a living, evolving people, driven by intense responsiveness, violence, creativity and self-contradictions, instead of as a

dreary procession of marble paradigms, full of temperance, restraint, and the Idea of the Good.

Bowra's work is by no means a handbook, or even in any sense an introduction to Greek culture. It presumes a considerable familiarity with the facts from Homer to the end of the Peloponnesian War. It concerns itself with the great focal preoccupations of those centuries, beginning with the intuition of ethnic unity and the all-important heroic outlook. The latter, indeed, forms the principal *motif* of the book, and rightly; for, because of the Homeric heritage, throughout the whole Classical period heroism formed the core of the Greek temperament—as it does to the present day, for that matter.

In his account of this heroic conception, Bowra does not shrink from analyzing its difficulties. He recognizes, for instance, that heroism and what we call morality are in many ways antithetical, and that the rationalism which eventually triumphed in Plato and Aristotle embodied considerable resistance to the heroic attitude. But he emphasizes the positive and creative orientation of heroism, its insistence upon action, personal fulfillment and the ineradicable assumption of human dignity. The Golden Mean and the heroic excess never really made peace. Yet if Achilles and Ajax remain for modern judgment forbidding and at times repellent, they nevertheless provided the early basis for that human-

Child and the Tide

YOU ask me about the tide,
"When does it stop?"

A wave in scalloped pattern touches your feet,
Sucks pebble and sand with a ripple,
In stippled color floats bubble and foam,
Draws salt veins down, uncovers sea rubble,
And gathers again in high combers.

You watch, puzzled and grave,
Tracing the reach of each long wave.

"Does it ever stop before it turns?"
No never.

Child of a jet age, put your stake in the sand,
A first measure.
Vapor trails crossing the sky
Mark where you stand
On a place between eras and currents,
The pull of space and the curve of time;
Past and to come. In vast circle about you
Move the celestial changes; the punctual recurrence
And swing of your seasons,
From dry ebb of long unreason
To a sudden flood that engulfs you
When your own moon is high.

You ask me about the tide . . .
I cannot speak with the Poet who knew
That love moves the sun and the other stars.
I can only see
In a rocketing world,
The quiet space on an edge of shore
You measure for me.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

ism which is the special mark of everything Hellenic. Politics, myth, religion and the arts all grew from it in one way or another; the city-state itself was formed to no small degree by the adjustment of the heroic outlook to the needs, possibilities and limitations of the civic life. Throughout, Bowra presents the Greeks as a nation not, as he says, of artists, yet as a nation motivated by an artistic image, the image of the human creature at his highest pinnacle of dynamic achievement, limited only by the superior, but similarly-shaped, images of the gods.

One may feel dissatisfaction with certain details. To overlay the effect of geography, for instance, on a people's culture is rather old-fashioned anthropology. Certainly the peculiar conformation of Greece had its material effects in physical hardiness, political regionalism, and a tendency to seafaring; but to

find a connection between the bright clear air of Greece and the philosophic quest for intellectual clarity is an unlucky invention. Rather few Greeks were philosophers, relative to the total population, and not all the philosophers were very clear—Pythagoras, for instance, and Heraclitus, called "the obscure."

So too, to be content with saying that myths aim at "alleviating perplexities, which trouble pre-scientific man" is certainly to underestimate myth, and perhaps to leave it open to confusion with magic. Such scholars as Heinrich Zimmer and Malinowski, in any case, have seen myth as having a more complex function. And indeed, many of Bowra's interpretations of myth, as well as his statements about the origins of tragedy, might have been less dogmatically treated.

More serious is the difficulty over the Greek view of law. If in the earlier periods the Greeks regularly be-

lieved that law was ultimately derived from the gods, it is surely a mistake to extend this credulity to the latter half of the fifth century, when a number of famous sophists had devoted much effort to showing that law was either "natural"—e.g., the right of the stronger over the weaker—or else simply man-made. Bowra's surprising neglect of sophistic influences at this point leads him to state that the divine basis of law was "one of the most precious beliefs of the Periclean Age"—certainly an overstatement—and to say, even more confusingly, that Pericles held the doctrine that "the Athenian people is the only authority which can rightly determine how the laws of the gods should be applied to men." Bowra himself admits that this is a bold proposition; it also seems to be incorrect, for there is no reason whatever to attempt a connection in Pericles' mind between the imperialistic enactments of the sovereign Athenian assembly and the "unwritten laws" of the gods which those enactments at times (at least in the eyes of Sparta) clearly transgressed.

Yet, with a few such reservations, *The Greek Experience* is a just and clear exposition of what its title promises. If it fails to delve profoundly into the more mysterious recesses of its subject, and lacks what might be called the "metaphysical" element in the criticism of Greek art, it will nonetheless offer a good deal of pleasure and stimulus to the kind of audience for which it is designed, namely, the educated man who does not happen to know Greek. It is written with Bowra's usual eloquence and enthusiasm, and neither debunks nor over-idealizes the Greeks. It is documented with only the briefest references to original sources, and the plates, generous in number and beautifully printed, are selected with felicitous taste.

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The Eisenhower Years

by Richard L. Strout

MUCH of this book first appeared in the "Washington Merry-Go-Round." That column is something of a paradox. The bulk of the US press for five years has idolized Eisenhower, yet 600 newspapers (estimated 30 million circulation) have simultaneously bought the Pearson column which belittles the President.

The gist of this book is simple and arresting. When Harry Truman left the White House the USA had military

USA—*Second-Class Power?* by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson (Simon and Schuster; \$3.95).

dominance. Today that dominance is either gone or in serious doubt. How did it happen? The authors give many reasons, one of them the assertion that President Eisenhower is "weak," "plagued with indecision" and "complacent, easygoing, unwilling to spend the (necessary) long hours of grueling grind."

This attack closely follows columnist Marquis Childs' book, *Eisenhower: Captive Hero*. The Childs' study is critical but compassionate; the Pearson study is critical and blunt. Coming together it is possible that they mark a trend toward what may be a more searching examination of the Administration, which has hitherto enjoyed a quite unprecedented immunity, unknown even by George Washington.

Like the "Merry-Go-Round" column the new book is aggressive, raucous and occasionally sensational. It shows occasional carelessness, like the flat assertion that "half a billion dollars a year is now

Notes on Contributors

CHARLES CURRAN is a British journalist who recently made a tour of the United States. He contributes a column of political commentary to *The Spectator* of London. CEDRIC H. WHITMAN is on the classics faculty at Harvard. RICHARD L. STROUT is a veteran Washington correspondent. HENRY POPKIN teaches at Brandeis. KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN is the author of *Plain-Chant for America*.

stolen by American businessmen." What money? Stolen by whom? The content doesn't say. There is an irritating omission of an appendix.

And yet the book cannot be dismissed lightly. There is a deliberate, comprehensive wealth of detail from authors who have unusual sources of information. Time and again in the past Pearson revelations have been confirmed. He plays a unique role in Washington. Every politician and official knows that somebody in his own office may drop a tip, signed or anonymous, to the industrious staff in the quiet old colonial house in Georgetown. Under the sensationalism there is a crusading spirit. Here it is directed toward a grim subject, America's defense and the Washington atmosphere that let it falter.

Suppose Quemoy brought war tomorrow; here is the respective strength of the US and the USSR as the authors appraise it:

Soviet army—10 times ours; Soviet Navy—second largest in the world, with three times our submarine strength (some subs equipped with 700-mile supersonic missiles, capable of under-ocean discharge); Air—the Soviet leads in combat planes, we in medium bombers; Nuclear Power—the two nations are neck and neck but the Soviets far ahead in rocket engines; Missiles—US expert von Braun warns that it will take us "five years" to catch up with Russia (always provided Russia stands still).

Is this too pessimistic? Well, the layman really can't say. General Nathan Twining, chief of staff (not quoted by Pearson) says we are ahead and should stay ahead. But that is only partly confirmed by the Rockefeller Brothers report, the suppressed Gaither report, and what we know of Soviet technical advances and the Sputniks. We are safe, perhaps if we exert ourselves. But will we?

At any rate the authors put a question mark after their characterization "second-class power." In detailed chapters they mention these causes for the potential gap:

The savage Pentagon inter-service feuding to which, for five years they charge, Eisenhower either remained

aloof or obliquely stimulated by promoting to top posts two of the chief feudists, Admirals Radford and Arleigh Burke. The new reorganization law, Pearson thinks, is only a partial answer.

Misplaced budget economy which again and again came at the wrong time, at the wrong place.

Hatred by those in authority for new ideas and original minds—the authors find a native, complacent conformity that has made most of our big recent breakthroughs in nuclear power and modern weapons the work of immigrants, and first generation citizens (like Admiral Rickover).

Cut-throat lobbying by big business "to grab the \$30 billions in defense contracts which the Pentagon ladles out to American industry every year."

Over secrecy: McCarthy went through the vital Fort Monmouth research laboratories, for example, like a scythe, disrupting 20 vital defense projects and perhaps delaying the development of the Nike guided missile by six months. Communists caught?—none. Again, Dr. Edward Condon, who helped pioneer the hydrogen bomb, was purged, so was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who helped build the A-bomb, and dozens of others.

Finally—a really inexplicable national contempt for education expressed in five years of shameful defeat of the Federal aid bill (for which in its supreme test in Congress the White House did not even make a telephone call.) All this in the face of repeated, uncontradicted word of overwhelming Soviet engineering advance.

THAT's the story of the book, and even though you steel yourself against the piling up of detail, it is not easy to shrug off.

Some of us believe the United States is living in a dream world. America stirred uneasily after the Sputniks but fell back to lotus sleep again with soothing official reassurance. The White House toyed for a while with the idea of "Operation Candor"—a clarion call for national sacrifice. It dropped it.

This is certainly not the definitive book on the subject but for the moment it is the only book we have. It is written with warmth and cumulative effect. "American foreign policy is still based on the idea that we are the supreme military power," say the authors, "Unfortunately we are not."

MOVIES

Funny?

WHAT IS FUNNY and what is not? The final answer, you'll be relieved to hear, is not included below, but the question is raised again by the appearance of the new Danny Kaye film, *Me and the Colonel*. Made from the play in whose title *Me* is *Jacobowsky*, it concerns a Polish Jew and an aristocratic, anti-Semitic Polish colonel caught in Paris in 1940 by the tide of war and

Me and the Colonel (Columbia).

forced to flee together to the south. The colonel has an orderly, a sweetheart, and immense feudal pride; Jacobowsky has ingenuity and modest philosophy. Their vicissitudes bring them closer. The colonel acquires understanding, Jacobowsky develops physical valor. In the end they leave France as friends.

The play had deeper character development than the film, a floridity of language which lent a grace missing here, and was much more winningly played by Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. Still I was made uneasy by the feeling that it never seemed to find its key. It had moments of charm, of what might be called amusing pathos, but it groped for its dominant tone—comedy or bitterness—and never established it. The film confirms my belief that it is impossible to strike the right note with this story.

Can one really laugh affectionately at a violent anti-Semite, even when he is lampooned? Can one chuckle, in the context of the last twenty-five years, at the demonstration, however gentle, of "traditional" Jewish cleverness and fear of fighting? The picture compounds the question by showing us Jacobowsky, in desperate Paris, flashing a bankroll to buy a Rolls-Royce (from the Rothschild garage!), then riding with his friends down a road crowded with refugees trudging on foot.

This is not a plea for restriction, a protest against defamation of minorities—or majorities, either. In adult eyes, as long as truth is not deliberate half-truth, it cannot defame. I'm sure there were some Jewish refugees who used their wits to best the situation, and I hope there were some Polish noblemen who overcame bigotry. My question

simply is: is it potentially comic material? Can it be funny?

A wide range of deplorable human activities has been the subject of comedy at one time or another. W. C. Fields kicking a baby downstairs; *Arsenic and Old Lace* or the shooting of Quilty in *Lolita*; Chaplin in the trenches: all these have been hilarious. The passage of time doesn't seem to be the determinant, for the Pearl Harbor scene in *From Here to Eternity* (the novel) was funnier seven years ago than *Jacobowsky* is today. Indeed, much more immediately, I found myself laughing at the newsreels of Lebanese onlookers applauding as the US Marines assault force came grimly ashore. Still the Kaye picture sits uneasily, although the matters it satirizes are essentially no more dangerous than Dulles *Weltpolitik*.

To risk a generalization, there seem to be much wider universals in tragedy and drama than in comedy. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," etc. may be a good guide to popularity, but, in elemental terms, to cry is to join with the human race, to laugh is to make a much more individual statement.

S. N. BEHRMAN, who adapted Franz Werfel's original play into English and also collaborated on this screenplay, wrote to *The New York Times* recently to answer a correspondent's charges that the humor of the piece is morbid. He says that Werfel, Karlweis, and Max Reinhardt, all of whom had suffered from the Nazis, "rocked with laughter" at *Jacobowsky*. That may be more of an answer than Mr. Behrman suspects—and, incidentally, all the answer I can provide. Perhaps those of us who did not suffer somehow know that we have not earned the right to laugh.

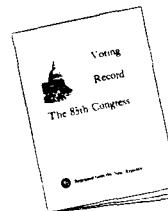
A man I've met was in the first landing on the Anzio beachhead and spent many long days groveling in the mud at the end of what was in effect a German shooting gallery, eating cold rations, seeing his friends maimed and killed, watching his own standards of safety and happiness alter rapidly. At last reinforcements arrived. An LST lowered its ramp and down marched, of all things, a batch of second lieuten-

ants, bright and shiny in their new outfits. A shell hit the ramp and blew them to bits—and my exhausted friend and his companions burst into loud laughter. I think I understand their laughter; but how can I possibly join in it?

Matters of comic definition in this film are not helped by its performance or direction. Danny Kaye, with moustache and gray temples, appears hampered by the demands of a characterization other than his usual role at which he is so deft. The impressive Curt Jurgens as the Pole shows us again—as he did in *This Happy Feeling*—that his bent is not comic. Peter Glenville, who too has had success with serious subjects, has directed cumbrously. Everything—in production as in subject matter—seems slightly out of focus. We surmise what was intended but we are powerless to help.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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TELEVISION

The Trouble with the Quiz Shows

THE troubles in which the television quiz shows find themselves began last May, when *Dotto*, a new show in which contestants answered questions and tried to identify drawings of celebrities, fixed a victory for a recent Miss Radcliffe. The winner, no doubt observing the college rules against taking study notes into the examination room, had let her notes fall into the hands of a standby contestant. He and the loser protested and were paid off by the producers. *Dotto* suddenly disappeared, but the standby contestant kept on protesting till his outraged cries reached the ears of the District Attorney, Frank Hogan. Hogan undertook an investigation while pushing an energetic campaign for the Senate. A well-publicized investigation inspired more complaints; *Time* was sufficiently impressed to call *Dotto* "unquestionably crooked."

When *Twenty One* was charged with

dishonesty by a contestant who had won \$49,500, Hogan's investigation started knocking the Far East crisis out of the top headlines of most of New York's newspapers. *The Journal-American* and *The World-Telegram and Sun* were sufficiently enterprising to be sued for libel by the producers of *Twenty One*. Herbert Stempel, a retired contestant, had several charges to make: he had been given answers in advance—including a wrong answer which he gave under protest and which was called right; he was ordered to give wrong answers to easy questions to show that he was just folks; he was compelled to lose to Charles Van Doren; Dan Enright, the co-producer, gave him acting lessons. Stempel supported his case with the testimony of friends whom he had told what he was going to do on television before he did it. Enright denied everything and replied that Stempel had blackmailed him, had invested an advance with a bookmaker, and was being psychoanalyzed; he supported his case with fifty-five minutes of tape recordings. Stempel admitted the bookmaker but denied the blackmail and charged that the tape had been doctored. The revelation that Stempel was in analysis was somewhat balanced by a similar discovery about Enright's partner, the ebullient master of ceremonies Jack Barry.

\$64,000 Challenge was challenged by a Tennessee clergyman who claimed to have received help when he appeared on the program. The sponsors promptly dropped the show. *Twenty One*, which got more bad publicity than any other program, has thus far survived, for good reasons. It had recently been bought by the National Broadcasting Company for more than two million dollars.

The comedians, still nursing the wounds inflicted by quizzes and westerns, were delighted. Red Buttons found the reason for the failure of his efforts on television — "The audience was fixed." Steve Allen produced a broad burlesque, in which quizmaster and contestant embraced before the questions were asked. According to Bob Hope, all the successful contestants were being brought back to answer one more ques-

tion: "How do you plead?" A comedy-writer offered a solution to those quizmasters who were being hounded by the district attorney: broadcast from Mexico. *Variety* reported that the turncoat contestants were known as "quizlings."

The quizzes' popularity was declining even before the investigations began, but recent events stimulated further decline. There had been some expectation that new viewers would tune in to the embattled quizzes in the hope of spotting the fix. But the news stories had appalled more viewers than they attracted. The ratings show that, after Stempel's accusations made headlines, fewer people watched *Twenty-One*. The conclusion was clear enough: the viewers had believed in the show, and loss of belief had lessened interest.

AUDIENCE RESPONSE will ultimately determine the fate of the quizzes, but, in the meantime, two other forces were governing events and have evidently caused the sudden death of *Dotto* and *\$64,000 Challenge*. These forces were the sponsors' intense interest in avoiding trouble of any sort and the stiff-necked morality which permeates the mass media. The sponsors' concern for their advertising investment and for their product's good name had years ago inspired the firing of actors with leftist associations. Jean Muir had been cleared by Congressman Dies, but the public airing of old accusations made her "controversial" and therefore unemployable. Once more, in the quiz investigation, sponsors were becoming deaf to the fine distinctions made by the defenders of "controversial" matter. The fine distinctions did not stand up very well against the strictness of television's official morality.

On the dramatic programs, murder, adultery, and cheating on exams were being punished with equal rigor; this rough justice created an atmosphere of pharisaical morality which made it impossible to explain away cheating on quizzes, no matter how innocent the intentions and the results had been.

The main line of defense has become the comparison between quiz programs and wrestling matches. Both are entertaining, it is insisted, even if everyone knows they are fixed. This is quite a comedown from the claims which were being made for the quizzes a year ago—

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GILBERT A. HARRISON

Signature of editor and publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1958.

MARGUERITE E. O'BRIEN, N.P.D.C.

My commission expires April 14, 1961.

that they had made the world safe for erudition. But even this desperate defense does not hold; wrestling matches, fixed or not, still demonstrate a certain physical skill. Quizzes originally were supposed to put on view the genuine personalities and the knowledge of the contestants, as well as the contests; now, genuineness, knowledge, and contests are all in doubt. As a result the entertainment value of the quiz programs is nil, except for those who want to play "Spot the Fix."

The ill wind may blow some good. Sudden changes in programming are to be expected, especially since new investigations are promised: District Attorney Hogan is preparing a case for a grand jury, and Congressman Oren Harris wants to get his committee into the act. Soon, actors and directors may be working where once the grinning quizmaster and the nervous contestant stood by the isolation booth. For once, I am inclined to put some stock in the annual announcement that the best television year is now beginning.

HENRY POPKIN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

I have followed their investigation with interest and made a brief commentary in the *Parapsychology Bulletin*, which appeared about the same time as Graves' article ("Praise Me, and I Will Whistle to You," NR, September 1). I was struck, as Graves was, by the extraordinary public attention given to this particular case of so-called poltergeist phenomena. Mr. Graves does not attempt to account for this exceptional excitement. I suggest that it was the fact that there was a scientific investigation of it attempted, rather than the case itself, that aroused such wide public interest.

Mr. Graves expressed surprise at the apparent rarity of American poltergeists. I think there have been more than he realizes. They have not, however, got the order of publicity that would have brought them to his attention. Also, there has been little scientific interest taken in them over the years. The fact is, the few of us who have been taking a scientific interest in these possibly parapsychical phenomena have had

too little time and too lean an expense account to run after these reports as they come to us. However, in recent years there has been a growing appreciation of the importance of looking into a wider range of possibilities among these reports of spontaneous occurrences. As a result, more of the poltergeist type of case have been examined than hitherto. The November, 1957, issue of the *Parapsychology Bulletin* reviews four such cases that had at least a preliminary investigation during the preceding six months—all of them in the USA.

Interest in these uncontrolled and quite mysterious happenings is fine. Any effort to make a scientific investigation is very desirable, but we have to be careful, I say, lest we go too far in following up efforts to authenticate these spontaneous happenings without following up more closely with the underpinning of experimental investigation. We only make a science out of this as we follow up exploratory observations with experimental confirmation that, at least to a degree, approximates the initial occurrences . . . The kind of comparison Mr. Graves attempts of the 17th Century with the 20th Century case could profitably be made with scores and possibly even with hundreds of other cases. . . .

The excitement, if I am right, represented a certain expectation, expressible as the thought: "Now we shall find out about these mysterious doings." There will be some workers in the field of parapsychology perhaps—and there had better be—who will see to it that these expectations are given some concrete satisfaction. The poltergeist mystery is one that ought not to go on unsolved much longer; and whoever solves it may—that much is sure—be promised an interested public to read his report.

J. B. RHINE

The Parapsychology Laboratory
Duke University

► Dulles' China Policy

SIRS:

THE *New Republic* has done an outstanding job in analyzing the facts and exposing the fallacies upon which our Formosa-China policies are supposedly based. With a few notable exceptions the press and commentators have followed "the party line." And many of the few timid souls who initially questioned the wisdom of risking

the thermonuclear war over two small off-shore islands, Quemoy and Matsu—almost within rifle range of mainland China—folded up once the oracle, Mr. Dulles, spoke.

The explanation is now, as always, "national unity." What they are attempting to say is that it is always necessary to support any government policy, however dangerous or foolish, in order not to embarrass our leaders before the world—that is, in order to save their faces. It is one thing to say "My country, may it always be right," but quite different thing to say "My government, right or wrong."

HUGH B. HESTER

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About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at \$10.50.